

"THE TRUE STORY OF MY CASE:" BY ADOLPH L. LUETGERT.



"I never doubted right would triumph."



"I wanted to go on that stand."



"Will they use that ham bone again?"



"Yes, I have changed wonderfully."



"Well, let them try me again."

For the Journal the Accused Sausage Maker Reviews His Trial.

"I Have Lived One Hundred Years Within Five Months," He Says; "Yet I Did Nothing of Which I Was Ashamed."

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—I have lost my liberty. I have lost my reputation. I have lost my property. I have lost my wife. Can it be possible that I will lose my life? With slight changes, this is what my counsel stated to the jury in his closing address. I answer most emphatically "No."

Before my arrest I knew that I was charged with the murder of my wife, but I made no effort to fly. I was startled when I was first informed that I was charged with the murder of my wife, but I never at any time felt any impulse or desire to leave Chicago, nor have I ever doubted for a moment that I would be ultimately acquitted and restored to freedom.

Injured Beyond Reparation.

I fully appreciate that, even if my wife returned to-day, it would never be possible for me to entirely regain my good name and that I have been injured beyond reparation. I am content that I will be acquitted, but I know that as long as I live I will be pointed out as the sausage maker who killed his wife, even if she should come to the jail and take me out this afternoon and we should live together until we both reached old age.

This is one of the hardest things to hear, and no man can appreciate what such a prospect is until he is confronted with it, nor appreciate how unjust and inhuman a man or set of men can be to others.

I was born in Germany and raised as most boys are raised in small German villages. I came to this country when I was twenty-four years of age, ignorant of the ways of the world, allured from my peaceful German village by tales of the riches to be acquired, reputations established and happiness to be secured in this land of the free and home of the brave.

His Great Ambition.

I worked early and late. I saved my money. I was ambitious to be a man among men, to accumulate property and to give my children a better start in life than I had had; and I hoped to leave behind me not only riches, but a reputation in which my children would all take pride. I started in the sausage business in a very modest way, but I devoted all of my time and energies to it. I succeeded in devising processes by which I could manufacture sausage in summer as well as in winter, something that all other sausage manufacturers in the world are unable to do. This gave me prestige and brought me wealth.

It was said that I was proud, haughty and arrogant because I did not associate much with my neighbors, and because I did not hang around beer saloons and put in my time as many other of my nationality do, but the truth is that I was so hard at work building up my business that I had no time for such diversions. If I had my life to live over again, I think I would pay more attention to the social side of life and make an effort to cultivate more

friends, because God knows I now appreciate how a man can need friends, and how few friends there are who will stand by you in the hour of trouble.

I can't say that my arrest came to me as a surprise. The newspapers had published the fact that I was suspected of murdering my wife, but so ignorant was I of the methods of the police, the conduct of proceedings in court and how those charged with crime are treated, that I feel I have lived a hundred years in the way of learning and suffering at least in the last five months. I had never given courts, lawyers or police any special thought, and I never had any business with them, and as I have before stated, I had devoted my entire time to my sausage business.

Treated as in Russia.

I have learned that in this boasted land of liberty a man charged with a crime is treated as I have read they are treated in Russia. I have realized that the presumption that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty is hush and nonsense. I realize that something is wrong with society and a system of court procedure which causes a man to be confined in a cell, inaccessible to his friends, except in the presence of others, so that it is absolutely impossible for him to go out and hunt up testimony and prepare for trial, while an unprincipled, selfish police force strives with all its might and main to terrorize and intimidate those who might have testified for me, and who bring about such a state of terror that those who know things which might be to my advantage are afraid to disclose them, lest the police get after them, destroy their business, blast their names and drive them from the city.

People have said to me many times, and, in fact, the newspapers have expressed surprise that I have seemed so confident that I would be acquitted in the end. In spite of all I have endured I believe that the God in the heavens will ultimately bring about my release. The newspapers of Chicago have been notoriously unfair in their treatment of me. If I was pale they said I was hysterical; if I smiled they said I was breaking down; if I seemed despondent they said I was breaking down.

Distorted His Features.

They have published pictures of my eyes, my nose, my ears, my mouth, my teeth and my hair, all so horribly distorted that those who have not seen me and do not know me must have suspected sometimes that I was a monster in appearance. In fact, everything that a man says or does when he is charged with crime is said to be an evidence of guilt. The papers have published day after day that I was breaking down, that I could not stand it, that I would finally, in desperation, confess.

These articles were written by reporters, some of whom probably received \$10 a week, and were written while they were



The Missing Mrs. Luetgert.

seated at a comfortable desk with an electric fan playing upon their faces, while I was sitting in a prison cell, poorly ventilated, with the thermometer registering between 90 and 100 degrees. Nothing but a conviction of innocence and an abiding faith in my ultimate vindication could have sustained me in such weather. In such confinement, under such persecution, some of the papers have spoken of my stolid indifference at the time the bones were introduced in evidence, and have commented upon the fact that I examined them, broke them and smelled them. They were cruel and unkind enough to construe this as evidence of my guilt. Do you suppose for a moment that the most hardened wretch that ever lived could treat his wife's bones in this manner? I know they were not the bones of my wife. I know that an effort was made to manufacture evidence against me by calling hog and sheep bones human bones. I knew these bones were hog and sheep bones; why should I not examine them with indifference and with considerable amusement?

His View of the Bones.

They are the kind of bones that I have used for years in the manufacture of sausage, and a hog or a sheep bone has as distinct an identity to my eye as one human being has from another. The claim of the State with regard to these bones was so perfectly preposterous, so absolutely in-

dicous and extravagant, that it was very hard for me to examine them with a sober face and treat the proceedings with the gravity which a solemn trial demands.

The most ludicrous thing in my life have been construed to be the most humiliating and the worst possible, and I did not know until my recent trial that it was possible to so distort and misrepresent what a man might do in a thoughtless moment, with no evil intent and with no comprehension of the fact that these innocent acts might be misconstrued and turned against him in the future.

From the time of my arrest up to the present I have gone to bed at night and slept as quietly, peacefully and innocently as a child. This has been used as an argument against me, and it has been printed with glaring headlines that when everybody about me was excited—when the lawyers were quarrelling and the judge rulling against me—I could go to bed at 9 o'clock and sleep and snore, and snore and sleep, until next morning, apparently with nothing on my mind.

Why Should I Worry?

It is true that I had been able to do so. But why should I worry? I had done nothing of which I was ashamed or of which I was afraid. I suppose the police would have complained still more if I had not been able to sleep. If I had walked the floor in my sleep at night they would have pointed that out as a sign of guilt, just as they have pointed out my restless slumbers.

It has been said that experience teaches. Indeed, it does. After I have been acquitted I shall never believe a newspaper account of a criminal proceeding, and I for one will always believe that a man is innocent until he is convicted, and I will not feel certain that all convictions are just and righteous.

During my experience in jail I have learned of instances of persecution, of what innocent men have suffered, that are enough to make one doubt the honesty of all who are connected with the detection or punishment of so-called crime. It has been said that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." The author of those lines did not appreciate the truth and strength of what he was saying, and no man can appreciate them until he has been deprived of his liberty, has been pilloried by an unscrupulous press, has been persecuted by police anxious to convict in order to build up reputations as



The Skeleton the Experts Built.

in the shadow of the gallows? I reply I do not know. I never was in the shadow of the gallows and I never will be. I never have contemplated the possibility of conviction, because I cannot believe it possible that police persecution, manufactured evidence, distorted facts, bribery, perjury or any other one can hang an innocent man, notwithstanding the fact that my lawyer, Judge Vincent, read to the jury so many instances where innocent men have been hanged.

A Prisoner Learns Quickly.

A man in prison not only learns a great deal, but he learns it very quickly, and if our judges and others intrusted with the administration of justice could have a brief experience behind bars, cut off from the world, punishments would be administered with more discrimination and with better effect on the community at large.

It has been said that I am a changed man. Yes, I have changed wonderfully, but I have changed because I have learned. No one can appreciate the transition from

Never Doubted "That Right Would Triumph" Despite Police Persecution.

Declares That He Still Expects His Wife Will Turn Up Alive, and He Is Ready to Face a Jury Again.

At one sudden bound I jumped from obscurity to an unenviable notoriety and found the eyes of the world upon me. If I had been about the courts, or if my business had been of a public character, or if I had associated with people more, I might not have felt the change so much. If I had not been an innocent man I would have gone crazy. If I had been a guilty man I would have confessed in sheer desperation and to avoid the curious eyes which seemed to devour me day after day in court as my innocent acts were painted black and as the false, perjured and manufactured testimony was given against me.

Wanted to Go On the Stand.

If it had not been for an English swindler named Robert Davey, who has been repeatedly exposed by Mr. Labouchere in the London Truth as a swindler, black-maller and confidence man, I would not be in my present predicament. He misled, robbed and deceived me, but I indignantly resent the imputation that he not only robbed me of my property, but also of my wife. No man dare tell me to my face that she is now lying with him. She was not the kind of a woman.

Some of the jurors have said that my failure to go upon the witness stand was considered by them as a strong circumstance against me. This is about as fair and honest as other charges against me. I wanted to go upon the witness stand; I demanded my right to do so, but Judge Vincent was as immovable as Gibraltar. He said if I did so he would withdraw from the case, that some of the jurors were prejudiced against me, and would not under any circumstances believe what I said; that he was sure the jury would disagree, and the next time my testimony would be new and unanswerable. I glided to his judgment against my wishes, but am now satisfied he was right. People had warned me against trusting my life in his hands because he was not a criminal lawyer, but I knew my business, and after his three days' speech in my behalf, which terminated in applause for him and me, I am glad I did not take a criminal lawyer.

"You ask me how it feels to be in the shadow of the gallows? I reply I do not know. I never was in the shadow of the gallows and I never will be. I never have contemplated the possibility of conviction, because I cannot believe it possible that police persecution, manufactured evidence, distorted facts, bribery, perjury or any other one can hang an innocent man, notwithstanding the fact that my lawyer, Judge Vincent, read to the jury so many instances where innocent men have been hanged."

Looked for "Not Guilty."

"I expressed my surprise to him after his argument that he had been able to find so

many cases where innocent men had been executed, but notwithstanding the large number of instances related by him and the powerful manner in which he did it, and convincing as he was in what he said, I never doubted for one moment but what the right would ultimately triumph, and that I would be discharged, branded as an innocent, patient, long-suffering and much abused man.

"Why, even when the jury was out deliberating on its verdict I slept as quietly as I had before, because I was convinced there would be only one result, and that a verdict of not guilty. I did this notwithstanding the fact that the jail was surrounded by multitudes of morbid and curious people waiting for the result, although it could have no interest to them, and I was the one who must suffer the penalty if any was to be imposed."

Believes His Wife Is Alive.

When I learned that the jury had disagreed, I was greatly disappointed, and I was surprised to learn that the prosecuting officers thought a man must be bribed who had the temerity to believe that a person was innocent who was charged with crime by them.

The State has announced that it intends to try me at once. The sooner it does the better I will be pleased. I am wondering if the State will again claim that the ham bone which they introduced in evidence is part of my wife's femur, and make the other preposterous claims they did in the other trial. I have no fears as to the result, and am confident that it is only a question of time until I resume the manufacture of sausages.

As to my poor wife, God only knows where she is. I am afraid she is wandering about in a distracted condition, in utter ignorance of the facts that her disappearance has caused me to lose all of which she was once so proud.

I trust that a just God and a kind Providence will enable me to confuse my tormentors by her presence in a very few days, and I believe as firmly as I live that it is only a question of time until she returns.

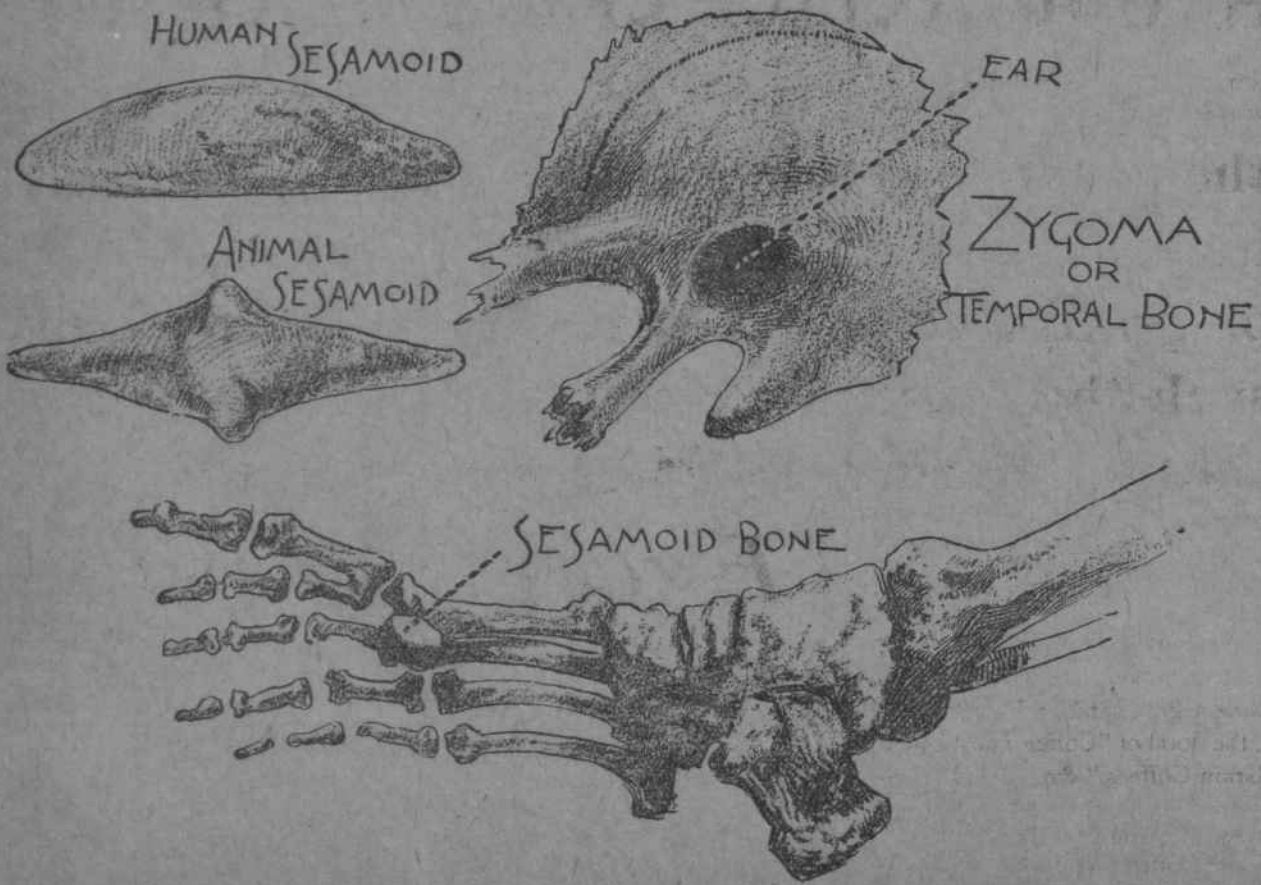
NEW TRIAL FOR LUETGERT

State's Attorney Announces That the Second Hearing Will Begin Next Week.

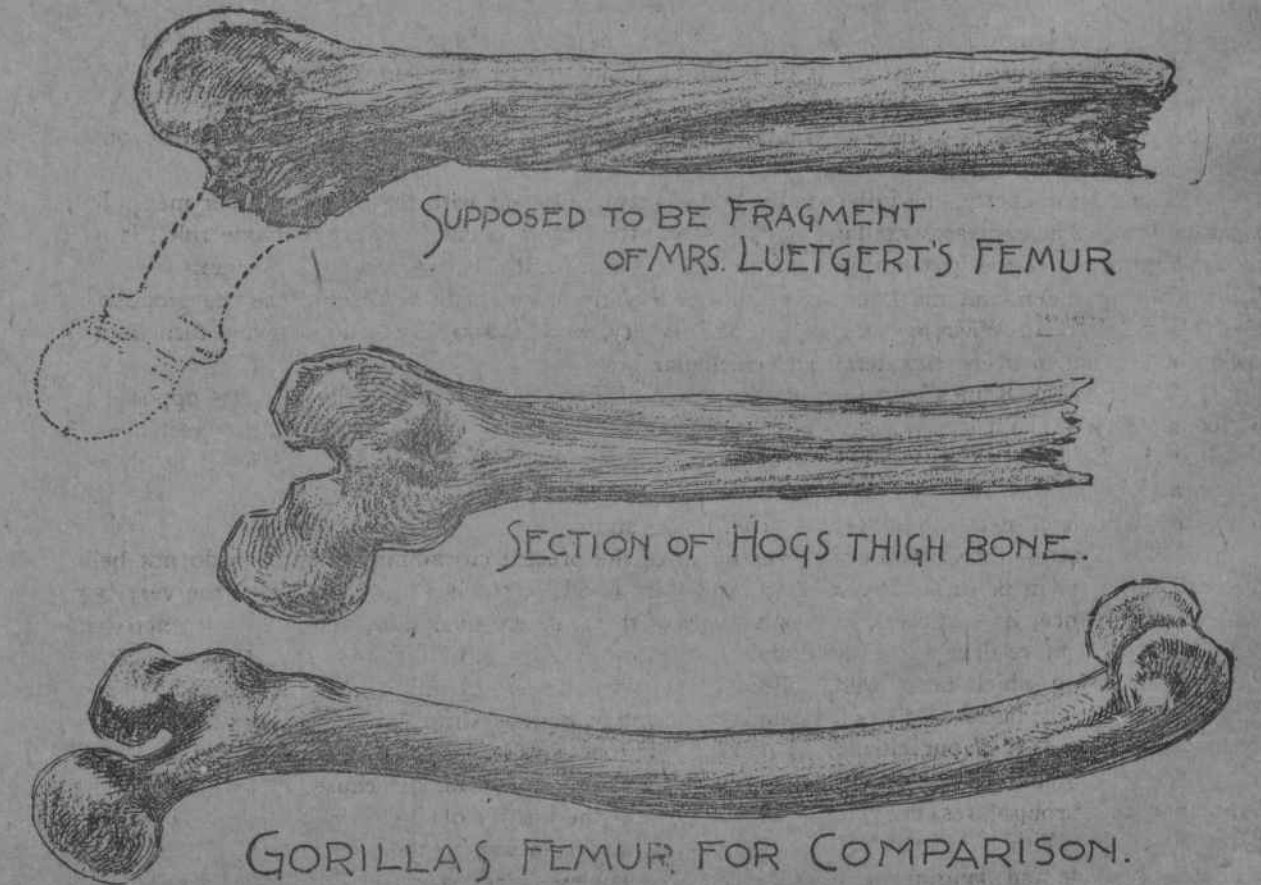
Chicago, Oct. 23.—State's Attorney Deen has decided to put Luetgert on trial for the second time some day next week. A continuance is not asked for by the defendant.

New evidence has been discovered. This, it is said, relates to the rebuttal and insinuation of three witnesses for the defense. The discovery of this new evidence was made too late to get it in at the first trial.

Luetgert's lawyers called on Mayor Harrison to-day and demanded that Police Inspector Schnack be removed. They claim that Schnack has said that Harley, the juror, was "influenced" by Attorney Goodrich to stand out for the prisoner.



The Rings Found in the Vat.



THESE ARE THE BONES UPON WHICH THE PROSECUTION RELIED TO BUILD UP THE CASE AGAINST LUETGERT.